

# THE YOUTH'S REALM

A CLEAN PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE

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Written for THE YOUTH'S REALM.

## A RACE FOR LIVES.

The Expected Letter. A Hurricane. Robert's Perilous Ride. Trot the Hero of the Hour.



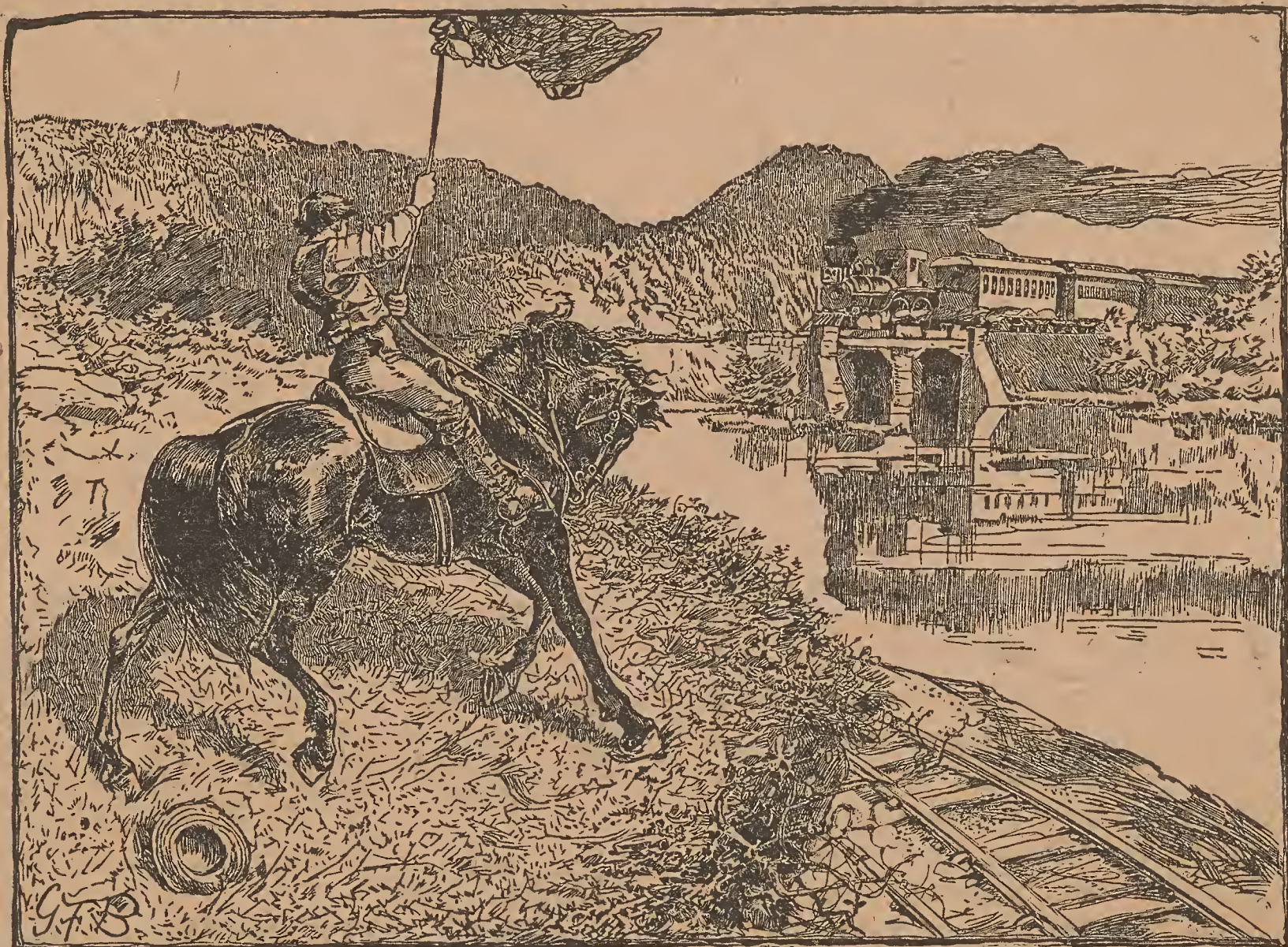
VER two years had passed since father left home on his last sea voyage. Our first letter was received from him only ten days after he started; our second, two months; but the third letter,—it was still due. Mother, a patient, hopeful woman, still looked for that third letter, but we children had long since given up all hopes of ever hearing from Father again. The perils of the sea, the

ravages of disease in an unaccustomed climate suggested the most direful conclusions.

We four comprised the household which would have been one of the merriest were it not for the absence of Father.

I remember how we used to spend long winter evenings together, by the fireside, reading aloud to one another, and telling stories; and how Mother would sometimes bring out the two letters from Father which were soiled and deeply creased through usage, and read them to us again. It seemed to give her fresh hope and courage each time she read the second letter, as if it had been a recent one whose contents had not been noted. Father was then in Australia, where he hoped to meet with success, and return in the spring. But spring had passed, then the second spring, and the months were rolling on towards the completion of another year, without bringing to us a single word of hope or warning.

It was about this time, I remember, that an exciting incident occurred which will never pass from my memory. The wind had been blowing at a high speed all day. In the evening it increased, and whistled boisterously down the chimney at us, as we sat around the fire. It made the flames leap up, and at times dart out towards us, but we were glad of the warmth, and drew our chairs closer than usual to the fire. Bed-time passed, but none of us moved from our positions, for we



THEN FASTENING HIS COAT TO A STICK ROBERT SIGNALS THE EXPRESS AS IT COMES, TEARING AROUND THE CURVE.

My older brother Robert did all he could to make Mother comfortable and happy. He took Father's place on the farm and performed his work well. I helped Robert all I could, but I was quite young then, and spent most of my time in school. Sister Helen was Mother's chief support in the house.

feared that the ell, containing the bed chambers, might at any moment be torn from the main portion of the house, and swept into the valley below. All that night we heard strange noises caused by the wind, the falling of branches in the forest, and the howling of a pack of wolves. That night seemed

ages to me, and I longed for daybreak. All my courage had left me at sunset but I hoped to regain it in the morning.

It was now almost four o'clock and beginning to get light. Mother and Helen had at last fallen asleep in their chairs, but Robert and I were still awake. For several minutes the wind had gone down, but only to recover strength for a final sweep which would dash to pieces everything lacking a strong resistance. It shook the house to its foundation, tore off a blind or two, swept an old horse shed over the bank, and ended with a terrible crash in the distance.

Robert sprang to his feet, ran to the window, and exclaimed, "The rail-road bridge has gone down!" Then glancing at the clock he added, excitedly, "In five minutes the express will be along, and one hundred passengers will be lost in the river!"

Without stopping to make any further explanations Robert ran to the barn, and in a moment more was dashing down the road on the back of old Trot. When he reached the lane he turned into it and then drove at full speed down the steep hill towards the rail-road. It was a most perilous ride. Had his horse made one false step Robert would have been thrown headlong on the rocks. The lane was crooked and uneven, and Trot stumbled and slipped over rolling stones, stumps, and underbrush.

Now in the lane, how out of it, but on, on, faster, and faster, gaining impetus through the descent, the faithful animal and his rider seemed to be spurred by the same motives. But hark! there is the whistle; the train is passing the crossing, and will soon be around the curve—and in a moment more dashed to pieces in the torrent! And half a mile yet to be covered by Trot in less time than it takes to describe it!

Robert glances ahead to behold a new danger. Below him a high gate separates the pasture through which he has been riding from a level field beyond. The gate was closed! Robert exerts all his strength to stop the horse from dashing against it but is unable to check his speed. The next moment the fatal spot is reached, but luckily the danger is averted by faithful Trot who clears the gate at one leap, and continues his course over the level field without stopping until he arrives at the side of the railroad.

Then fastening his coat to a stick Robert had just time enough to signal the express as it came tearing around the curve. The heavy train slowed up gradually until it finally came to a full stop within less than an eighth of a mile of the demolished bridge which was hidden from view by a second curve beyond. The passengers rushed to the platform to discover the cause of the delay, and as soon as they fully realized the situation—the awful fate they had been delivered from—bestowed heaps of praises upon Robert their rescuer. But Robert was unwilling to be called the hero of the hour, and pointing to old Trot exclaimed—

"Gentlemen, it is to this faithful animal that you owe your lives to-day."

While the above was taking place I was exerting all my strength to reach the scene of action by means of a pair of short, unsteady legs which trembled incessantly because of my fright. When I reached the foot of the hill I saw a crowd of people surrounding two men and a horse. The horse was Trot and one of the men Robert,—but who could the other be? I ran up nearer, forced my way through the crowd, and looking into the midst beheld Father! There he stood embracing his oldest son who had saved his life with the rest. Was it an apparition? I was so exhausted by the long run, and by the shock the whole affair had given my nervous system, that I could not believe my eyes until I, too, was clasped in the arms of my beloved parent.

Such a scene of rejoicing I had never witnessed before. Everybody was shouting himself hoarse in praise of Robert and because of the unexpected meeting of father and sons. Even the whistle on the locomotive shared in the vociferation. But it would not do for the train to remain there longer. It must run back some twenty miles to the nearest junction to reach its destination over a branch road.

As the passengers were about to leave Robert and the rest of us they gave four final cheers which re-echoed throughout the valley. One was for Robert, another for Father, a third for our whole family, and the last one for faithful old Trot. Then the spokesman handed Robert an envelope so full of something that it could scarcely be sealed together, and the train went puffing back, around the curve and out of sight.

Then Father, Robert and I went up the hill towards home, Father relating to us on the way his bitter experiences in Australia, where he had been a prisoner for over two years, hemmed in between the mountains in an unsettled part of the continent, and removed from any communication with the rest of the world.

When we reached home there was a second rejoicing in which Mother and Helen participated. It was the happiest day we had all had since Father left home many months before.

I need not say in closing that the envelope Robert received was full of five and ten dollar bills, but in justification of Robert permit me to add that Trot got a share of the reward in an extra supply of oats three times each day.

## SET OF . . . . . TOY MONEY. . .



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...THE...

## YOUTH'S ~ REALM,

A Clean, Illustrated, monthly  
Paper for the Home Circle.

Published By  
A. BULLARD & Co., 97 Pembroke St.,  
—BOSTON, MASS.—

**TERMS:** 35 CENTS PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.  
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Written for The Youth's Realm.

## Inside a Chocolate Bonbon Factory.

**M**Y friend stopped me before a brick building of large dimensions, exclaiming, "And what can this be?"

He was in Boston on a short visit and I was showing him the sights.

"This is the bonbon factory," exclaimed I, "where a thousand pounds of candy, or more, are made every day."

"A thousand pounds!—more than enough to go round," I should think. Do they feed the beasts on it, up this way?"

"Oh no," I replied, "but you see this one factory supplies a large section of the country. Five hundred hands are employed in the manufacture of chocolate candy in this establishment alone,—quite enough to fill a village. We have plenty of time on our hands, and since I am acquainted with the superintendent of the works, suppose we step inside and look around?"

Nothing could please my friend more than this proposal, for, although he was ashamed to confess it, he had an appetite for sweets equal to any school girl's.

We entered a large office filled with busy clerks who were attending to the correspondence and keeping the numerous accounts of this wholesale confectionery establishment. We waited some moments for my friend, the overseer, to appear. During this interval I picked up a little book, an advertisement lying on the table, which gave me some useful information regarding the preparation of chocolate from the cocoa bean.

In tropical America there grows a small tree, about twelve feet in height, bearing long yellow pods in the shape of the cucumber. Inside these pods are a number of seeds, known as cocoa beans, the kernels of which have a rich, bitter taste, and

contain oil. The beans are first roasted and shelled, then ground and crushed, and finally mixed with sugar and vanilla. Through this process the cocoa becomes chocolate.

The overseer now appeared, expressed his willingness to show us around, and at once took us to the second floor where the boiling is done. The largest kettles I ever saw,—capable of holding several barrels of sugar each,—stood in a row along one side of the room. Near at hand were several cooling tables upon which the boiling mixture, when properly cooked, was poured to cool. Upon this table the candy is worked with long paddles until it becomes creamy white, after which it is placed in large tubs, where it remains a week to mellow.



"COCOA POD"

This is for the interior of the chocolate cream. After a week has passed it is again melted and flavored or colored, and run into moulds.

In the moulding room we saw a hundred or more wooden frames filled with corn starch. The moulds are pressed into the starch and then removed, thus forming a matrix to be filled with cream, jelly and other ingredients of the bonbon. Each frame contains no less than two hundred moulds. A funnel-shaped dipper holds the cream which is poured into the moulds. When the cream

has set the frame passes through a kind of threshing-machine which separates the candies from the starch and at the same time refills the frame with fresh starch.

On the next floor clito is made. Perhaps you have eaten clito a dozen times without knowing what to call it. Clito is nothing

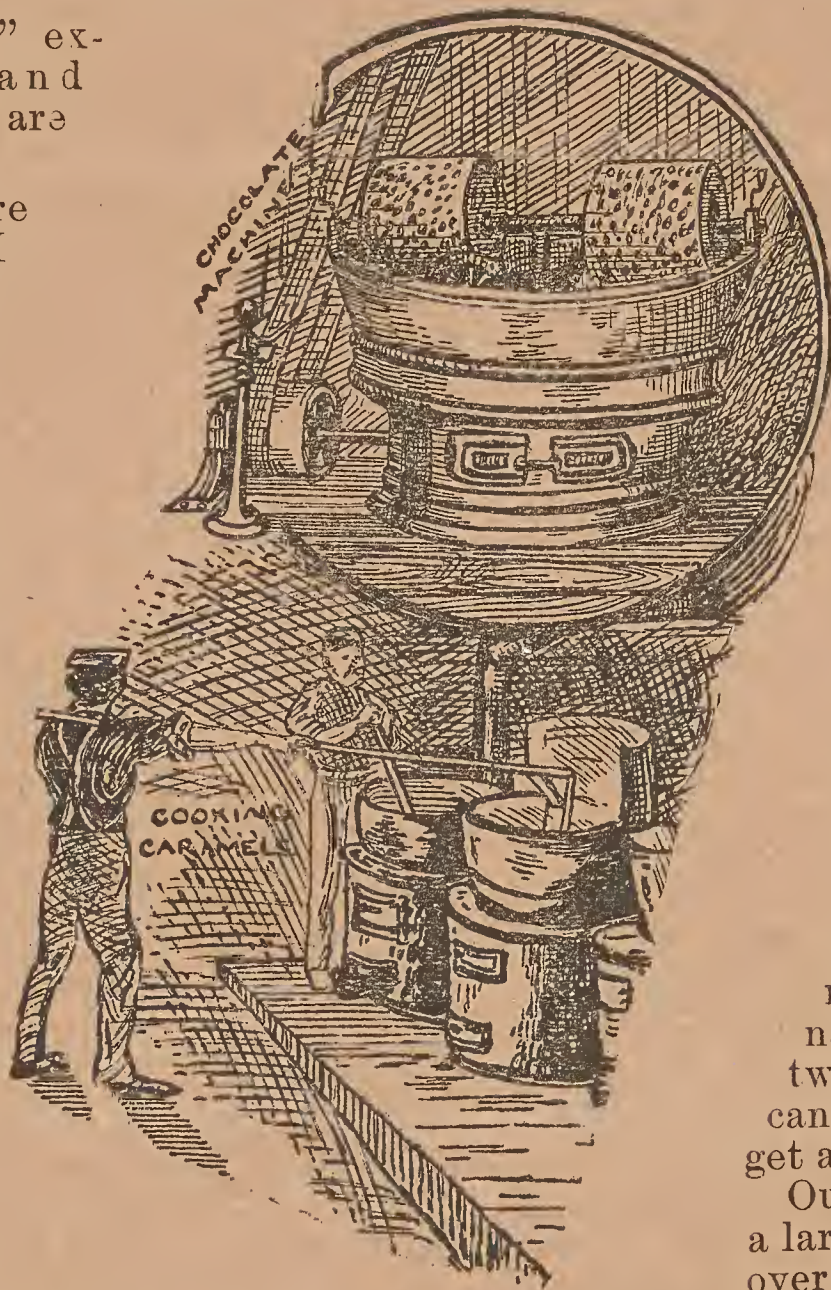
more than a crisp molasses chip covered with chocolate, but it is manufactured in a separate department. After it has been boiled and paddled on a slab it is swung over an iron hook and pulled until it becomes almost white, and very brittle. The man who does the pulling has developed such a muscle

thereby, that my friend remarked, "If the average gymnast would divide his time between chest-weight exercise and candy pulling, no doubt he would get along better."

Our attention was next directed to a large, hollow globe which revolved over a furnace. My friend thought it

must be a new kind of corn popper, but the overseer told us it was an almond roaster. The globe holds several hundred pounds of nuts at a time, so you see it could scarcely be called a plaything. Roasted almonds, like almost everything else used in this factory, are given a final coating of chocolate.

As I said before, I was showing my friend the sights of the city, and consequently did not think it prudent to stop longer in this very sweet spot. My friend, however, was disappointed at not being able to see the hundred and one other novelties of the factory. But a pound of candy pacified him.





### THE NOVA SCOTIA, 1860, REMAINDERS.



FROM various sources, a little here and there, considerable information has leaked out concerning the Nova Scotia remainders. The Halifax Philatelic Magazine claims to know the most about their history. It informs us that Nova Scotia, immediately after joining the Confederation, handed over the 1860 remainders as collateral security for \$20,000 due the Dominion Government.

Then the stamps were put away, almost to be forgotten. But a Halifax collector knew where they were, and in company with several others offered the Government the \$20,000 for the lot. This offer the Government readily accepted. Since then, as everybody knows, the market has been flooded with Nova Scotias, and prices have come down.

The "syndicate," as it calls itself, paid ten cents apiece for these rare stamps. The five-cent blue of the above type did not appear in the lot, and in the unused condition is still a rare stamp.

### The New York Collector's Club.

THE last monthly entertainment of the New York Collector's Club was a great success. Everyone present received a gift, or more properly speaking a booby prize. Limberger cheese was given to some, chocolate cigars to others, a hair cutter to the party with football locks, and a becoming wig to the member who follows the other extreme in head decoration.

### PECULIAR STAMP COLLECTIONS.

LIKE the farmers who keep their accounts on barn doors or other extensive areas there are a certain few collectors who ignore stamp albums, and mount their specimens on walls or various articles of furniture. The recent stamp plate craze is an example of this fashion, which is carried to a greater extent in the office of an English stamp merchant who uses postage stamps in place of wall paper. Upon his walls are arranged many beautiful specimens of foreign stamps all in the unused condition. A less expensive, but still more elaborate arrangement of stamps has been made by Mrs. George Wilson of Binghamton, N. Y. No less than 862,000 stamps have been glued to a bedroom set of furniture consisting of a bedstead, dresser, commode and chairs. Every portion of the furniture has been covered by these stamps, over which a thick coat of varnish has been placed. Like paint the stamps can be washed without injury.

### The New U. S. Stamps.

FROM various sources we learn that the Bureau of Engraving is preparing a new issue of U. S. stamps. There will probably be no change in the

present designs, but instead the stamps will be printed in new colors. Just when the change will take place is kept a secret.

### THE GREAT ENGLISH POST OFFICE.

THE English Post Office employs nearly 140,000 persons. As there are about 39,000,000 inhabitants in Great Britain, one in every 280 is an employe of the Post Office. The wages paid this immense army of officials is \$100,000 per day. Each man, woman, and child receives, on an average, about 71 pieces of mail matter in the course of twelve months. In the United States the average is 77; in Belgium, 51; in Switzerland, 46; in France, 42; in Germany, 30; in Australia, 14; in Italy, 14; and in Russia, but 2.

In one year England exchanges 41,000,000 letters with the United States, 25,750,000 with France, 25,333,000 with Germany, 6,500,000 with Italy and 4,000,000 with Russia.

SEVEN beautiful bicolored stamps bearing the head of the new Sultan have been issued for the province of Johore.



MONS. JULES BERNICHON recently paid 50,000 for an old collection of stamps.

So many questions have been raised regarding the Miranda set of speculative stamps used for Venezuela, we herewith present a sketch of the stamp. Previous comments on this stamp have been made in former numbers of our paper.



THE current 5 cent stamp of Columbia is now printed on salmon paper instead of pale buff.



THE fact that the "Daily Stamp Item," the only daily stamp paper that has ever been attempted, was obliged to suspend publication a short time ago, does not prove that the number of stamp collectors is decreasing. The paper was never a success because philatelists are interested in collecting stamps, and not in spending all their time over stamp literature. An occasional column of condensed news is more inspiring to the average collector than a daily volume of stamp gossip.

It is now estimated that there are more than six hundred thousand stamp collectors in the United States alone. This is a remarkable record for a pastime scarcely heard of twenty years ago.

A BIG contract has just been awarded the American Bank Note Company of New York for the manufacture of Canadian revenue and postage stamps, at a saving to the government of \$120,000 as compared with the former Burland contract. A new set of stamps will probably be the result of this contract.

A PRICED catalogue of stamp literature is soon to be published, making mention of some five thousand stamp papers, including back numbers. And at the same time a directory of literature collectors will appear in another section of the country.

THE Azores Islands will issue a new set of stamps.

## Our Great Distribution of Free Samples.



**T**O introduce our juvenile magazine, premiums, and novelties, we have decided to give away several thousand packages of **Free Samples**, one package to each person who writes immediately for the same.

Read the instructions below and note contents of each free package, as follows:

**100 Foreign Stamps**, Japan, etc.

**1 Illust. Catalogue** pricing nearly all the stamps of the world.

**1 Stamp Album**.

**4 Sample Blank Approval Sheets**.

**1 Sample Gum Paper**.

**Samples of new Hinge** all bent.

**1 Perforation Gauge** with directions for detecting counterfeits, varieties, etc. Also millimetre scale.

**2 Illustrated Price-Lists** of stamps, premiums, etc.

All the above are free if you read the following instructions.

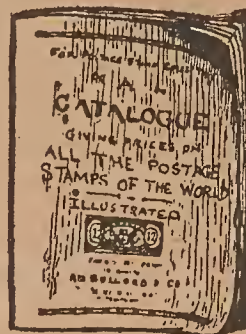


## Directions for obtaining the foregoing Free Samples:

One package of the above samples is free to each person who fills out the annexed coupon and sends with it only eight cents (coin or stamps) for a three-month's trial subscription to our large, illustrated paper **The Youth's Realm**, and also two 2c stamps to help pay postage and wrapping of samples and papers. This is **all necessary** to receive the above.

If you want the 10 books advertised elsewhere and these samples also, send 35c for a year's subscription to our paper, and send the two 2c stamps extra for postage, as above, and we will mail everything advertised in two separate parcels. Present subscribers must extend their subscriptions to receive the free gifts, stating what month last subscription began.

Don't forget the two 2c stamps. Cut out the coupon now!



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Dear Sirs:

Please send free samples and your juvenile publication for three months to—

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A MACHINE has been invented for pasting stamps on letters at the rate of four to five thousand an hour.

V. R. SURCHARGED upon Fiji Island stamps stands for Victoria Regina.

A SYNDICATE of dealers has placed on the market a number of sets of the old type periodical stamps, reprinted by the Bureau of Engraving. Each set will be sold for \$125.00.

A COLLECTOR has a complete sheet of seven Navy Dept. stamps he is willing to sell for \$1000.00.

To HELP the beginner an interesting little book called "Hinton's Hints on Stamp Collecting, an A B C to Philately" has just been published.

At the coming London Philatelic Exhibition fourteen stalls will be let to members of the stamp trade.

OFFICIAL Seals have been left out of the 1897 catalogues and albums.

BRAZIL is the next country to inflict upon us a commemorative issue.

Parties wishing to go into the stamp business, on a small scale, by securing the above samples, should also order the ten free books, especially those relating to the stamp trade.

TWENTY years ago the following stamps, now worth about one dollar to four dollars each, could be bought of a stamp dealer for three cents apiece; Justice Dept. 12c, Interior 24c, 30c, 90c, Navy 15c, 24c, 30c. And yet some people will say that it does not pay to collect stamps!

## HIS OWN GOOD ENOUGH.

**A** GENTLEMAN of means once became dissatisfied with his magnificent residence, and placed the estate in the hands of a broker who offered to sell it for him. Not wishing to acquaint the general public with his intentions, however, he requested the real-estate agent to write up an advertisement which would graphically describe the property, and, at the same time, conceal its location.

One day, in looking over some advertising columns, in search of a new home, this discontented gentleman read the notice of a certain piece of property for sale, which so pleased him that he at once made up his mind to purchase it. It contained extensive grounds, a fish-pond, excellent driveways, a spacious mansion,—in fact everything that he had been looking for.

The wealthy gentleman noticed that the same broker who had undertaken the sale of his estate also had the latter one for sale, and therefore called upon his agent with the hope of effecting an exchange of the two pieces of property. Imagine the surprise of the rich gentleman when he learned that the estate he desired to purchase was his own property which had been truthfully described in the advertising columns of the newspaper! His attention having been drawn to the charms of his beautiful home, he concluded it was the best place he could possibly live in, paid the agent his commission, and told him that thereafter he would not sell his estate for three times the price previously asked.



## AN OLD SHOE.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]

Rick and Johnny leaned over the front gate talking to Ben, who was inside it, as the old man came in sight. In fact, all three boys were talking, and none of them listening until the stranger came up behind to say:

"Lads, I'm not the sort that begs—never did it in my life—but I find myself close on it now. I am going a long journey, and one shoe has lost a sole. I have no money to buy another nor to pay for cobbling. So I must try and trade with one or the other of you for an old shoe. It may serve my turn until I can do better."

"Hum-m-m! I call that pretty much like begging," Rick said, sticking his hands in his pockets. Ben shut one eye critically and looked the old man over before he said:

"Let us see how you want to trade. My father has heaps of shoes past his wearing that might be good enough for you."

"I will give you this for one," the stranger said, fumbling in his wallet and fetching out of it a dry and with-



"PHO! YOU ARE SHARP AT A BARGAIN, YOUNG SIR."

ered root. Rick held out his hand for it, tossed it up and down a minute, then sent it spinning into the yard as he said with a rough laugh:

"Oh, ho! You have been pillaging Mother Wigram's garden! That is nothing more than one of her small onions, and half rotten at that. Do you think onions are such a rarity here you can get whatever you want for one?"

The old man shook his head. Before he could speak Ben had brought back the despised root and thrust it in his hand, saying:

"Go away. My father does not encourage beggars. If you had gone

straight to him at first and said honestly what your need was, I think he might have shod you, but he hates pretenders."

"So do I," said the old man, with an odd smile. Johnny touched his sleeve and said, lifting his cap:

"If you will wait, sir, I will run home and bring you a good new shoe. My grandfather was a one legged soldier. We have heaps of the odd shoes he could not wear, and my father, I am sure, will be glad to give you one."

"Thank you, lad," the old man said. Then he stumbled a little way backward and sat down at the roadside. Rick and Ben made themselves very merry over his ragged coat and battered hat, but he did not appear to hear them, or if he heard to mind their scorn. Instead he chuckled gleefully and now and then pinched himself or waved his crook handled stick before him like a sword. When Johnny came running back all out of breath, with the shoe dangling from one hand and in the other a big bun hot and fresh from his mother's oven, the stranger laughed aloud.

"Good lad," he said, patting Johnny's head. "You are better than your word. I will be better than mine. I offered in trade one root. Now I take your gifts as freely as they are offered, as you must take from me these three. Do with them as you will. I think you can be trusted to do well."

"Thank you, sir," said Johnny, with his best bow. Then he stooped and laced the new shoe in place, picked up the crook handled staff and helped the old man, to rise. When the stranger had walked away, nibbling the bun as he went, Rick and Ben broke into derisive laughing.

"Look out! Johnny's going to start a market garden. Mother Wigram will have a rival," they said, holding their sides. Johnny laughed too.

"Ho! You are only jealous," he said. "But you need not be. I will divide with you. Let us take each a root, plant it and see what comes from it."

"Not I," Ben said superciliously. Rick took the root Johnny held out to him, fingered it a minute, sniffed at it, then threw it to a pig in the road, who in turn sniffed at it, turned it over with his snout, then trotted contemptuously away.

"There! That shows what they are worth, these roots," Ben said, and Rick added tauntingly, "You see, even a pig will not touch them." But Johnny ran away home and set each root in a pot of fair earth. One he meant to keep, the other he took at once to Lame Donald, whose mother was a widow, and who could never get out with the other lads to smell the new grass in the fields or to watch the leaves grow big on the trees. So he had the narrow kitchen window full of pots and green things.

No tulip had ever such leaves, fine and feathery, of the most agreeable fragrance, as in a little while peeped above the brown earth. It seemed as though those in Lame Donald's pot raced with those in Johnny's. Both grew magically. The pots were soon masses of tender green. By and by there came up from the green masses each a straight strong stalk full of buds at the tip, buds that opened a little later into wonderful white flowers with hearts of spun gold.

Mother Wigram came straight to see them and cried out at the sight. "Never was there anything finer," she said. "I know. I am wise in all manner of things that grow. There are no such flowers in the kingdom. The king's gardener himself shall be told of them."

But there was such talk of the rare blossoms throughout the village it ran on to the city and came to the king's gardener before Dame Wigram could send him word. Straightway he set forth to see them, and when he had found them said at once they were worth a great price. But this in the ear of the town councilor alone. Openly he told those who clustered about him that the white flowers were but prettily curious, adding that the village might well buy them at the few pence they were worth and send them to the young princess for her birthday feast, which fell upon Christmas day.

"Yes, that is the thing to do," said the town councilor, and the minister, the doctor and the chief storekeeper agreed with him. "We will give the lads \$1 each," they said, "and the king's gardener shall take back with him the strange flowers before they fade. He will tell the royal princess of our loyal wishes, and when she comes to reign over us no doubt she will have some special tenderness for our village and its people."

But neither Johnny nor Lame Donald agreed with the wise men. "A dollar will buy much," they said, "but nothing we should care for so much as our flowers." Then, egged on by the king's gardener, the councilor went to \$5, to \$10, at last desperately to \$20, and there he almost prevailed. "Twenty dollars! It would help my mother so much," Lame Donald said to Johnny, but he sighed as he said it and looked wistfully at the flowers. And Johnny nodded and answered him: "Twenty dollars, with the \$10 I have in my bank, will buy, oh, the dearest pony! Ben and Rick will be simply wild when they see me ride by. But the flowers—it seems they talk to me. I cannot bear to think of selling them, though I should like to give part of them to the beautiful princess."

"Hum-m! You would not give them to me, I dare say," somebody said just outside Lame Donald's window. Johnny gave a little cry, for it was the strange old man who stood there. He was more bowed, more ragged and mean looking than before, but Lame Donald caught up his crutch, hobbled to the door and flung it open, crying out: "Welcome! Welcome, good sir!"

Johnny plucked at his sleeve. "Your mother may not like"—he began, but Lame Donald stopped him short, saying, with his rare smile: "She will not mind. We both know we can trust anybody with eyes like Santa Claus."

But there was nothing of Santa Claus in his words when he had settled himself in the armchair, which filled the

warmest corner of the hearthside. "You have not done so badly, you two," he growled out, snuffing the fragrance of the flowers, "but it would have gone ill with you had you agreed to the plan of that rogue of a gardener. The roots were but left in trust with this fellow," nodding at Johnny. "Now, I have come to claim them for the rightful owner. Of course, though, I shall have the decency to pay you a little for your trouble with them."

"No. You gave them to me outright," Johnny said sturdily, "but you may have mine back if you choose to claim it. But not Lame Donald's. It is so much to him, it would kill him to part with it even to the worshipful princess."

"Pho! You are sharp at a bargain, young sir," the old man said, rising and making toward the door. "But I agree to it. Fetch me this pot of yours to the place where we met. There I shall give you back your shoe for it. You see, I can give back as well as take back."

"And you will leave Lame Donald's?" Johnny asked. The old man nodded with a queer, cackling laugh. The lame boy plucked his sleeve, saying timidly, "Dear sir, before you go tell me, please, the name of my dear flower."

"I will tell him," the old man answered, nodding again at Johnny and walking away. Very shortly Johnny ran after him, with his own blossom clasped close to his breast.

In the highway he found not the old man bent and withered, but a fine young fellow in a velvet court suit. Johnny would never have known him but for an odd shoe that dangled from his right hand.

"Take it. It is full of gold," he said, smiling, as he reached for the pot. "Believe me, you shall have another blossom. It grows thick in fairyland and is called the Flower of Good Heart."

Whether he was a fairy prince Johnny never knew. But the princess had for her birthday feast a wonderful white blossom with heart of spun gold, and, more wonderful yet, that it grew in a golden shoe studded thick with gems.

## Tale of a Vain Little Chick.

A farmyard chick stood by the horse pond watching a flock of ducklings. Every now and then they put their heads under water and flung their legs up.

"How very ridiculous!" cried the little chick. "That isn't the way to get across. Wait a bit. I'll show you."

In plunged the little chick, but instead of getting to the other side it went to the bottom.—Chicago Record.

## Guess Which Hat.

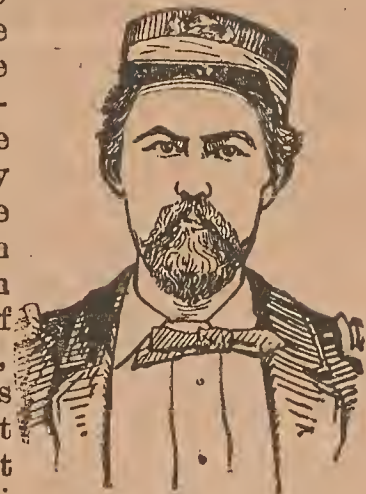
This trick will take the breath away from your friends when you try it on them. It is called the wonderful hat. Take three pieces of bread, or any other eatable, and three hats. Place the three pieces of bread on a table and place a hat over each one. Now lift up each hat, and, taking the piece of bread which it covers, eat it before the company, replacing each hat, opening down, as you do so. Then ask those who are watching you under which hat of the three they would like to find the bread. Whichever one is designated, place that hat upon your head and say that you have done as they requested.—Chicago Record.

## STORIES OF THE RAM ALBEMARLE.

### IMITATING THE MERRIMAC.

The career of the Confederate ram Albemarle, which the gallant Cushing destroyed Oct. 27, 1864, beginning with her deadly sea fights with Federal blockading vessels and ending with her collapse at the wharfs of Plymouth, formed a most exciting episode in naval warfare. The rule of the North Carolina sounds by the Federals was by no means to the liking of the Confederates, and many desperate attempts were made to end it. Orders were given for the construction of war vessels in the upper waters of the state, but the work went on slowly, and as late as April, 1864, the ram Albemarle, a thing of shreds and patches, lay on the ways in Roanoke river above Plymouth. On the 16th of April General Hoke began an attack on the fortified post of Plymouth and summoned the ram to his side. She steamed down the river, defying the shots of the Federal guns until two of the enemy's ships were sighted. They were the wooden boats Miami and Southfield, lashed together and directed by Fleet Commander C. W. Flusser, who was on board the Miami.

Flusser had arranged the fastening chains so that the ram would be caught between the two vessels, but the captain of the Albemarle sheered to avoid the trap. Suddenly turning, he plunged the iron prow of the ram into the side of the Southfield, ripping her sides so that she went to the bottom at once. The Miami opened with



LIEUTENANT FLUSSER. heavy shot and shell, but they made no impression on the ram. Commander Flusser handled one gun personally, and his third shot, an 11 inch shell, rebounded from the iron shield of the Albemarle, exploded and killed the brave gunner, also several men. Meanwhile the ram got loose from the Southfield and was making for the Miami. The latter backed away and returned to Albemarle sound.

As a result of the Albemarle's victory over the wooden ships, General Hoke made an easy conquest of Plymouth, capturing General Wessels and his garrison. The ram at once became a sea monster, equal in the eyes of friends and foes to the terrible Merrimac. She lay off Plymouth until May 5, then started out to imitate the Merrimac and wipe out the Federal fleet patrolling Albemarle sound. The coming of the ram was expected by Commander Melancton Smith, and he had devised a clever plan for her reception. The contending ships met in the broad sound, the ram dashing boldly at her enemies, but missing the mark every time. Her shot, however, made havoc with the upper works of the wooden ships, while the return fire rolled off her iron sides like hail. Finally the *Sassacus*, leaping under the

impulse of loosened engine wheels, struck the ram amidships and sent her stern deck several feet under water. The moment the vessels collided the ram sent a shot through the *Sassacus*, piercing her boilers.

One by one the remaining ships in the line—the Miami, Wyalusing and Mattacoesett—got into action and attempted to ride down the Albemarle or snare her with a seine or use a spar torpedo against her. All failed, and the battle of three hours was principally one of artillery, 50 guns on the Federal vessels against one on the ram. In the end the ram was glad to escape.

### THE MONSTER HELD IN BOUNDS.

After the drawn battle with wooden ships on the 5th of May the Albemarle retired slowly up the Roanoke, her foes giving the parting shots. Three weeks later she dropped down to the mouth of the river and began dragging for torpedoes. A few shots from the Federal guardboats sent her back to Plymouth, where she remained to protect the town which she had won to the Confederates by her first engagement. Spurred by offers of reward, a party of sailor volunteers set out to destroy her at her moorings by torpedoes. They reached the river above Plymouth, with two floating machines carrying 100 pounds of powder each. The men engaged in this hazardous work were Charles Baldwin, John W. Lloyd, Benjamin Lloyd, John Laverty and Allen Crawford. Baldwin was nearest the ram, and when he had guided the torpedoes by means of a bridle to within a few yards of the vessel, he was challenged by a sentry on shore.

Two shots followed the sentry's signal and then a volley. Believing that they were discovered, three of the men deserted after cutting the guide rope. They reached their ship in the sound two days later, and their comrades reported next day without having accomplished the mission. For five months the Albemarle lay idle at Plymouth, where Cushing found her moored on the 27th of October and destroyed her by a deed unparalleled in war. An account of the exploit was written out by Cushing before he was taken with his fatal illness in 1872. The best story from the other side was found in an intercepted letter from a sailor on the ram. The letter read:

A Yankee torpedo boat steamed up the river Thursday night, and about 3 o'clock Friday morning she ran into the Albemarle, the torpedo bursting, blowing a hole in her some six feet long, sinking her immediately. The crew lost everything. We are in an awful condition.

The commander of the Albemarle throughout was Captain A. F. Warley. He said that the ram looked all sound on top after Cushing's underthrust, but the carpenter reported a "hole in her bottom big enough to drive a wagon in."

GEORGE L. KILMER.

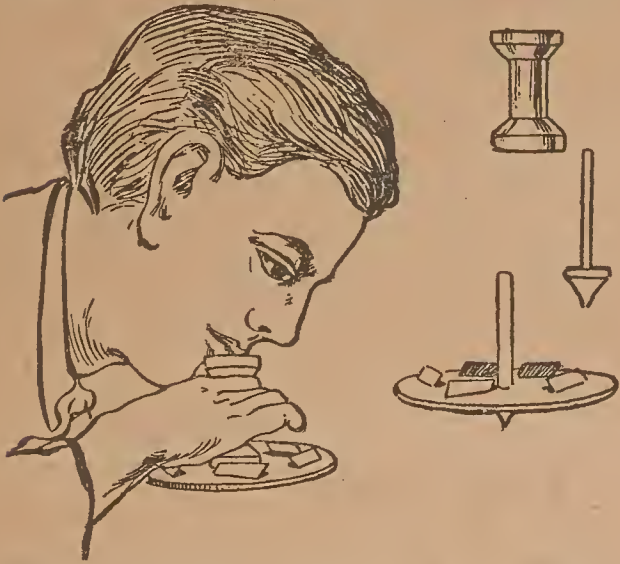
## A NEW KIND OF TOP.

It Is Especially Fitted For Indoor Spinning and Is Easily Made.

Top season is almost over, but every boy who ever spun a top will be interested in making an entirely new kind of top that will spin when you blow upon it.

This top can be made in 15 minutes. Get a piece of stiff cardboard and cut from it a circular disk about three inch-

es in diameter. At the very center of it make a pin hole, and in regular order



near the outside cut five or six oblique slots so that little pieces or wings of cardboard will turn up, as shown in the cut. One end of these slots may be a quarter of an inch from the edge of the disk and the other end may be several times as far.

An ordinary large sized pin should now be inserted through the hole in the disk and fastened on the underside with wax, so as to form a pivot on which the top will spin. Now get an empty spool, and your top is complete. To spin it hold the spool lightly in the mouth, insert the pin in the other end and blow briskly. At once the top will begin to revolve, the action of the air holding it tight against the spool without other support.

Now stop blowing suddenly and the top will drop out of the spool and continue to spin merrily on a table or on a piece of glass or on a smooth floor.—Chicago Record.

#### The Little Boy Who Ran Away.

"I'm going now to run away,"  
Said little Sammy Green one day.  
"Then I can do just what I choose.  
I'll never have to black my shoes  
Or wash my face or comb my hair.  
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere  
And never have again to fill  
That old chip basket—so I will.

"Goodby, mamma!" he said. "Goodby!"  
He thought his mother then would cry.  
She only said, "You going, dear?"  
And didn't shed a single tear.  
"There, now," said Sammy Green, "I know  
She does not care if I do go.  
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill  
That old chip basket, so she will."

But Bridget only said; "Well, boy,  
You're off for sure. I wish you joy."  
And Sammy's little sister Kate,  
Who swung upon the garden gate,  
Said anxiously as he passed through,  
"Tonight whatever will you do  
When you can't get no 'lasses spread  
At supper time on top of bread?"

One block from home and Sammy Green's  
Weak little heart was full of fear.  
He thought about Red Riding Hood,  
The wolf that met her in the wood,  
The beanstalk boy who kept so mum  
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo, fum,"  
Of the dark night and the policeman.  
Then poor Sammy homeward ran.

Quick through the alleyway he sped  
And crawled in through the old woodshed.  
The big chip basket he did fill.  
He blacked his shoes up with a will.  
He washed his face and combed his hair.  
He went up to his mother's chair  
And kissed her twice, and then he said,  
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread."

Mrs. S. T. Perry in San Francisco Examiner.

#### A Little Trick.

Perhaps some of you may know the trick, but those of you that do not will find it hard to believe that you may plunge your hand into a bowl of water and take from the bottom a ring, or

other small object, without getting your hand wet. Let us tell you how to do it.

There is no magic in it, nor is it really a trick, as we have called it. All you have to do is to sprinkle the surface of the water with some powder that has no attraction for the water—something that the water will not wet. Nothing better may be had than powdered lycopodium.

Having thrown a handful of this powder on the surface of the water, plunge your hand in, take up the ring and show the spectators that there is not a drop of moisture on your hand.

The reason is that the lycopodium forms a sort of glove around your hand, to which water will not adhere any more than it will to the back of a duck. Water birds may dive time and again and come to the surface with their feathers as dry as if they had not been under the surface. The lycopodium gives the same quality to your hand.—Philadelphia Times.

#### Just Like a Circus.

Edith, the little daughter of a physician in Trenton, was very much impressed by her first sight of a boy choir, each member wearing his white surplice. When she reached home, she rushed to her father with the startling intelligence that a lot of boys had gone to church in their nighties, and they didn't care a bit, but just stood up and sang as loud as they could. Her father corrected her somewhat hastily. "Surplices, my dear, surplices. Those were surplices," he explained. But Edith was too excited to pay much attention and caught only part of the word. "Circuses! Yes, I should think it was circuses. They walked all around just like the circus." And when it was all finally explained to her, she was much surprised and amused and a little shocked at her mistake.—New York Times.

#### WASHINGTON'S WORDS.

##### Truths That Hit the Mark Then and Now. National Policy.

The politics of the nation have gone so far from what they were in Washington's era that his thoughts in general have little application to these times. In his farewell address, however, on stepping down from the presidency, he spoke as a patriot and statesman, and his words may be classed with those self evident truths that cannot become stale or useless. On the subject of permanent union as a means of preserving liberty he said:

"The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But, as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth, as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of

your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety, discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

Touching foreign relations, a question of great importance to the young and struggling nation, he spoke with unusual boldness and vigor. In a broad sense he urged the maintenance of good faith and justice toward all and the cultivation of peace and harmony, and then, descending to particulars, spoke as follows:

"In the execution of such a plan nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded, and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges toward another a habitual hatred or a habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur; hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill will and resentment, sometimes impels war to the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

"So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification."

#### Never Scold.

Avoid the scolding tone. A tired mother may find it hard to do this, but it is she who will get most good by observing the rule. The tone of scolding tells upon the throat, just where a woman who is not overstrong is apt to feel the ache of extreme fatigue. The children, too, who are great imitators, will be sure to catch the scolding tone and will talk to their dolls, to one another and by and by to their own children very much as their mothers are now talking to them.

## THE YOUNG HOUSE- KEEPER'S PAGE.

### The Kimono and How to Make It.

The kimono is a simple looking garment, but it is positively worth its weight in diamonds, if one measures value by the comfort one gets from an investment. There is another nice thing about it, and that is that no matter how little a woman knows about sewing or dressmaking if she can sew at all she can make for herself a kimono. This is how to do it:

If you are not too tall and with too long arms, eight yards of cloth will answer your purpose. You want four lengths from your shoulder to three or four inches from the floor, two for the front and two for the back of your garment. Sew these lengths together, leaving that which you intend for the front open from top to bottom. Then gather the top of the back widths and the top of the front widths, allowing an inch and a half hem down the front. At the top of each front width turn down (on the in, or wrong, side) a V shaped piece that will be sufficiently wide for the front of the neck. Leave double this same amount on each of the back breadths, which space gather in for the back of the neck. Now you have your shoulders and your neck, the back of the neck only gathered. The front neck is plain and formed by the V shaped turn down. Sew the shoulders up without any shaping whatever. Bind around the back of the neck and down the V shaped front of the neck with satin ribbon to match your cloth. The ribbon should be about two inches wide.

When you have sewed the side seams up, you have left a slit about eight or ten inches, more or less, according to the size of the arm of the wearer, but it should be loose and comfortable, for the kimono has missed its vocation if it does not make you comfortable.

Measure off two widths of the cloth the length you want the sleeves and sew them up. Do not shape the sleeves an atom at either top or bottom. Bind the bottom of the sleeve with the same satin ribbon that you have used for the neck. Sew the sleeve in at the slit you have left at the arm size. It should go in without any gathers.

When you hold a kimono up by its sleeves, it is all angles and no curves. But it is comfortable beyond compare to slip on, over the nightdress if necessary, on a hurry call to any member of the family who may have been suddenly taken ill, or for a thousand and one other things which every woman knows about.

Do not be discouraged from the description, thinking that it must be too utterly ugly for any earthly use. It is not. It is chic looking, Japanese looking, and if you are ever the owner of one of these kimonos you will come to regard life as a failure without one or more always in stock.—New York Tribune.

### Bagdad Portieres.

A word to the contemplating buyer of Bagdad portieres. They are offered in the shops at a very low price, but it will be seen that the stripes are narrow and the weight of the material not of good wearing quality. Such would do possibly for a bedroom portiere or to throw over a partly worn lounge in some room where its use would be light, but for real wear the wider, finer woven fabric should be sought.

These curtains are very useful, as they are almost the only couch covers that are more than the regulation 50 inch width. As the stripes can be bought separately it is possible to increase their width ad libitum. As to range in quality, one was seen last week for \$2.65, and an hour later in a bric-a-brac shop hung one valued at \$105. This latter had eight wide stripes, was almost of the thickness of plush and was beautifully fine and firm, while its harmony of coloring, in the main resembling the cheaper and conventional sort, was a revelation of its possibilities.—New York Times.

### Trimmed Skirts.

"Are skirts to be trimmed?" is a question daily propounded to the dressmakers. The answer is invariably and emphatically, yes. The newest French models are decorated in many ways, some of them showing the old style flounces, others with accordion plaited frills at the hem—sometimes only one about five inches wide with no frill showing at the top, being either corded there or sewed to the skirt on the underside of the gathers at the top and then turned over. Some of the lighter wools are made with pointed overskirts, and again a Grecianlike drapery appears. Folds, fur bands, braiding, vandykes, crenelated edges and lines of gimp—all are in fashionable use, but, fortunately for the short, stout women, these decorated skirts have not come up for favor to the exclusion of the severely plain model with its simple, elegant finish and length giving lines from belt to hem.—New York Post.

### Collars.

The stock collar, with its folds and finishing rosettes and bows, is not yet out of style, says a fashion writer, for it has proved too becoming to many throats and faces to yet be relinquished, but it is contesting for favor with neck trimmings and finishes of many different varieties—V shaped and battlemented shapes standing well away from the face, arched models high at the back and rounding to nothing but a point in front, Medici, Directoire and Robespierre styles for demidress and extremely pictur-

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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esque, antique styles that give an air of great distinction to the gown and call for materials of the richest, garnitures of the most elaborate and costly and occasions most special, these including Stuart, Queen Bess, Henri Deux, Charles IX and Marie Antoinette replicas that enhance the artistic effect of the latest and rarest French evening toilets.

### A Society Songstress.

Mrs. Inez Sprague, the second wife of Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, is achieving such success with her vocal music that she will, no doubt, become more famous than her predecessor, Kate Chase. The present Mrs. Sprague is a very beautiful Virginian, belonging to one of the F. F. V.'s of that state. As a young girl she was quite accomplished, singing well to her own accompaniment. Some two years ago she had her voice tried and by the advice of a master went to Paris to have her voice cultivated. She applied herself assiduously with the best of results. Her voice has a marvelously long range, with a full middle register and great dramatic power.—Philadelphia Times.

### New York W. S. A. Officers.

The present officers of the New York State Woman Suffrage association are: President, Jean Brooks Greenleaf, 64 North Goodman street, Rochester; vice president at large, Mariana W. Chapman, 160 Hicks street, Brooklyn; corresponding secretary, Isabel Howland, Sherwood; recording secretary, Harriet May Mills, 926 West Genesee street, Syracuse; treasurer, Kate S. Thompson, 50 Allen street, Jamestown; auditors, Henrietta M. Banker, Cornelia K. Hood; chairman of committee on organization, Harriet May Mills; chairman of legislative committee, Maude S. Humphrey, Warsaw; superintendent of press work, Elnora M. Babcock, Dunkirk.

COIN DEPARTMENT.

WE CONTINUE this month our list of all the U. S. coins actually worth more than face value. The prices appended are approximately those now offered by coin dealers for the purchase of these rare dates.

GOLD DOLLARS.

1863	.	.	.	.	.	3 50
1864	.	.	.	.	.	4 00
1865	.	.	.	.	.	3 50
1866	.	.	.	.	.	1 25
1867	.	.	.	.	.	1 20
1868	.	.	.	.	.	1 10
1869	.	.	.	.	.	1 10
1870	.	.	.	.	.	1 15
1871	.	.	.	.	.	1 20
1875	.	.	.	.	.	3 50

GOLD 2 DOLLARS 50 CTS.

1796, no stars,	3 00
1796, stars,	4 00
1797	4 00
1798	2 60
1802	2 60
1804	2 60
1805	2 60
1806	2 60
1807	2 60
1808	2 60
1821	3 00
1824	2 00
1826	4 00

SILVER HALF DIMES.

1794	.	.	.	.	1 50
1795	.	.	.	.	50
1796	.	.	.	.	1 00
1797, 15 stars,	.	.	.	.	1 50
1800	.	.	.	.	60
1801	.	.	.	.	1 25
1802	.	.	.	.	25 00
1803	.	.	.	.	1 00
1805	.	.	.	.	2 00
1846	.	.	.	.	75

SILVER DIMES.

1796	.	.	.	.	75
1797	.	.	.	.	1 50
1798	.	.	.	.	1 00
1800	.	.	.	.	1 00
1801	.	.	.	.	1 00
1802	.	.	.	.	1 50
1803	.	.	.	.	1 00
1804	.	.	.	.	5 00
1805	.	.	.	.	40
1807	.	.	.	.	35
1809	.	.	.	.	35
1811	.	.	.	.	35
1822	.	.	.	.	1 00
1846	.	.	.	.	75

OUT-  
DOOR  
AMUSE-  
MENTS



THE committee of the University Athletic Club has submitted a report on the advisability of changing the scene of action of future football games between Yale and Princeton. The objection to New York is the publicity the annual game is subjected to in a great metropolis made up of various classes of society more interested in football as a game than in the college spirit of athletic rivalry.

TO the satisfaction of all the students of Cornell a contract has been made with coach Courtney by the terms of which the latter will remain with the college for at least three years.

THE gymnasium enters into the new method of church evangelization. In the vestries of not a few progressive churches gymnasiums have been fitted up for the purpose of interesting the boys and young men of the community in the church. In the gymnasium of the Vermilye chapel of New York may be found almost any evening thirty or more boys practicing under an instructor in the art of boxing, running, jumping, and in the use of the parallel bars.

THE English college rowers have a great advantage over the oarsmen in American colleges. Their preparation always begins in the preparatory school. Only those who have had experience in rowing before entering college are allowed to row in the 'varsity of either of the great English colleges, Cambridge or Oxford.

PRINCETON'S new Tackling Machine resembles a derrick with a millstone attached to it. The weight swings to and fro, now and then settling down pretty heavily upon the shoulders of the man beneath it. This weight, however, he is supposed to overcome by feigning to escape from a sudden tackle.

SCIENCE & INVENTION.

AN elevated road two miles in length is to be built in Tokio, Japan.

ELECTRICITY is now successfully transmitted from Niagara Falls to Buffalo. January 12th a great banquet was held in Buffalo to celebrate the event.

MR. W. H. PREECE, the telegraphic expert of the London post-office has invented a method of telegraphing on short distances without the use of wires. When the current is set in motion at one end of the route it simply passes through the atmosphere causing a vibration at the other.

DR. ANDREE intends to make a second attempt to reach the North Pole by balloon.

A THEATRE with the stage in the middle of the house, rather than at one end, has recently been built in New York. It contains two auditoriums, one on each side of the stage. By glancing across the stage the audience in the opposite auditorium looks directly into the faces of the second audience in the opposite auditorium. This new arrangement brings the stage nearer to everybody in the house than does the old plan.

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ness for himself. This is necessary to  
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Cat. stamps of world, 25c. Lists of  
sets, packets, etc., free. Perforation  
Gauges, for detecting counterfeits  
and varieties, 5c. **Blank Approval Sheets**, to  
hold 20 stamps, cheap grade, 20 for 9c. Best grade  
onion skin, for 60 stamps each, 10c doz.

**ALBUMS.** Climax Stamp  
Album, over 100 pages, illust.,  
25c. Better paper, 35c. World  
Stamp Album, to hold over 2000  
stamps, illustrated, 18c.

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ready bent; something new;  
large box, over 1000, 10c. Gum-  
med paper, large sheet, 4c.

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2 1/2 x 3 1/2, 25 for 9c. 100 29c.

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dinia, 8 Japan, 7 Portugal, 3 Peru,  
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3 Chile Telegraph, 3 Austria, 1850, 3 Aust 1853, 3 A  
1861, 3 A 1863, 5 Wurtemberg.

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land, 6 Sweden Official, 4 Italy Unpaid, 5 Canada  
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dan, \*3 Congo, \*3 New Caledonia.

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### No. 94.—Transposit. ns.

Satisfy the following blanks with words  
containing the same letters:

1. It is not too — to hear the — of  
the catching of a —.
2. Jerry drove the three — cows down  
the —.
3. Did you see — dash by on her —  
horse?
4. Arthur seized a — from the fence  
and rushed recklessly into the — of the  
wolf.
5. — and — each ate a West Indian  
— for breakfast.

### No. 95.—Flower Puzzle.



The names of four flowers are here repre-  
sented.—Ohio Farmer.

### No. 96.—A Diamond.

A consonant; a negative; big; places  
where flowers grow; coarseness; puzzles;  
an animal; a kind of biscuit; a boat; boy's  
name; a consonant.

### No. 98.—Missing Rhymes.

1.  
There was a young scapegrace named  
Who desired foreign countries to  
He sailed from  
And was storm tossed  
He was cast on an isle, for it

2.  
A convict once had in his  
A lad, called familiarly  
Though poor his  
He'd great  
But his guest took a perilous

8.  
A young lady grew slimmer and  
And then found herself stouter and  
She fell, when  
Down a shaft very  
And adventures most strange did

### No. 99.—Word Squares.

1. The name of a river in England.
2. A range of mountains between Europe and Asia.
3. A man's name.
4. A woman's name.
1. Amusement.
2. Solitary.
3. A woman's name.
4. A natural period of time.
1. Not the whole; to separate.
2. A plant which rarely blooms.
3. A beautiful and fragrant flower.
4. A river in the north of England.

### No. 97.—A Novel Acrostic.



The letters represented by stars spell the  
surname of a famous poet.

Crosswords: 1. A kind of crossbow for-  
merly used for shooting stones. 2. Twelve  
o'clock. 3. Substance. 4. Military stores  
of all kinds. 5. Pertaining to rural life  
and scenes. 6. A king's daughter. 7. A  
trader. 8. To ponder over.

### No. 100.—Progressive Enigma.

- OOOOOO OOOOOOO OOOOOO
- 1, 2, "depart."
  - 1, 2, 3, 4, a precious metal.
  - 2, 3, 4, "aged."
  - 4, 5, 6, "a lair."
  - 7, 8, 9, 10, "to shout in exultation."
  - 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, "to invest with royal dig-  
nity."
  - 8, 9, 10, "a line."
  - 9, 10, 11, "to possess."
  - 11, 12, 13, a boy's nickname.
  - 14, 15, 16, 17, phonetic for "from begin-  
ning to end."
  - 16, 17, 18, 19, "to push forward with  
violence."
- The whole is a throstle.

### No. 101.—Pied Verse.

Het sorhenem adn het tomenfo  
Rea riuopng ni maain  
Romf myan a etslayt karmet lcaep,  
Romf nyam a ritfuuf lnaip,  
Romf nyam a leoyla mehlal.

Oihkw, mda by echeb'nda nipe,  
Keil na geale's etsn ngsha no het serot  
Fo plprue Aempeni.

### No. 102.—Buried Names of Girls.

1. I am both glad and sorry about her.
2. I will set the clock at eleven.
3. Your mamma yet says no, David.
4. I do not know why Ethel laughed at  
me.
5. Martha, my new doll is broken.
6. The poor old man never comes up to  
see me now.
7. Please do rap at his door, Harry.

### Why She Knew It.

Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow had gone away  
for a visit with a neighbor, leaving their  
children asleep in the nest. When ap-  
proaching their home on their return,  
Mrs. Sparrow noticed her little ones scat-  
tered on the ground under the nest.

"Oh," she exclaimed, all in a flutter,  
"those children have quarreled!"

"How do you know?" inquired Mr.  
Sparrow.

"Because—can't you see that they have  
fallen out?"

### Key to the Puzzler.

No. 88.—Numerical Enigma: Happiness  
grows at our own fireside and is not to be  
picked in strangers' gardens.

No. 89.—English Towns In Enigmas:  
1. New-castle. 2. Ply-mouth. 3. Swan-  
sea. 4. Wig-an. 5. Ash-ton. 6. Oak-  
ham. 7. Black-burn. 8. Ox-ford. 9.  
Scar-borough. 10. Wood-stock.

No. 90.—A Riddle: Mint.

No. 91.—Illustrated Primal Acrostic: 1.  
Ink. 2. Rabbit. 3. Vulture. 4. Ibis.  
5. Nut. 6. Guitar.

No. 92.—Beheaded Words: 1. Coat, oat,  
at. 2. Alone, lone, one.

No. 93.—Fruitful Anagrams: 1. Melon,  
or lemon. 2. Raspberry. 3. Strawberry.  
4. Pineapple. 5. Orange. 6. Banana.

### Green Soap.

Since women have taken to studying  
medicine, attending clinics and visiting  
hospital wards with scientific interest they  
have learned the value of green soap.  
Green soap, which comes in paste form, is  
an antiseptic and is much used in hospitals  
and by physicians who come into contact  
with many varieties of uncleanness dur-  
ing a day's work. It is particularly be-  
loved of those who make a specialty of  
scalp diseases, for it is as a hair soap that  
it is particularly valuable. After washing  
the head with it the hair is more silky,  
shiny and soft than after treatment with  
ordinary washes, and its effect is, more-  
over, stimulating to the growth of hair and  
generally beneficial.

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